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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## POETRY.

### THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.

BY DAVID L. ROATIE.

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,  
A hardy, sunburnt man;  
No sturdier man you'll ever see,  
Though all the world you scan.  
In summer's heat in winter's cold,  
You'll find him at his toil—  
Oh, far above the knights of old,  
Is the tiller of the soil.

His stacks are seen on every side,  
His barns are filled with grain;  
Though others hail not fortune's tide,  
He labors not in vain.  
The land gives up its rich increase,  
The sweet reward of toil,  
And blest with happiness and peace,  
Is the tiller of the soil!

He trudges out at break of day,  
And takes his way along;  
And as he turns the yielding clay,  
He sings a joyful song.  
He is no dull, unhappy wight,  
Bound in misfortune's coil;  
The smile is bright, the heart is light,  
Of the tiller of the soil!

And when the orb of day has crown'd  
With gold the western sky,  
Before his dwelling he is found,  
With cheerful face and eye.  
With little laughing duplicates,  
Caresses will not spoil;  
Oh, joy at every side awaits  
The tiller of the soil!

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,  
A hardy, sunburnt man;  
But who can boast a hand so free,  
As he, the tiller, can?  
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,  
The pow'r has him to foil—  
Oh, far above the knights of old,  
Is the tiller of the soil!

## THE STORY TELLER.

### Evening Amusements at Home.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

'I have a sketch of the olden times, which I think will interest you, my dear madam,' said the schoolmaster to Mrs. Marvin, after the usual evening greetings had passed around. 'You may, possibly, have heard the story before, but I think it will be new to Ellen and Mr. Howard.'

'Pray call me Charles,' interrupted the young man. 'It seems so formal and distant to be addressed as Master Howard, that I shall think you consider me an intruder on these home amusements, if you are so particular.'

'You might with more reason infer that I feel the privilege of being at home here with your good aunt and fair cousin, too great for me to enjoy with perfect ease,' said the schoolmaster. 'To be sure, I consider Ellen as my own little niece; he was about to say daughter, till recollecting that Mrs. Marvin was a widow and himself a bachelor, he wisely altered it, but it does not follow that her cousin is to be included in our relationship, unless he wishes it. Now, there is my hand, cousin Charles, and my warm thanks, too, for the proof of your esteem.'

'I am glad to see this,' said Ellen, her bright eyes sparkling with pleasure. 'I do hate these formal ceremonies among friends.'

'So do I,' said Mrs. Marvin, 'when we are sure of our friends; still I think there is more danger of giving offence in being too free, than too ceremonious.'

'Very true,' observed the schoolmaster. 'Forms of polite respect are always necessary; even in the nearest family relation, that of husband and wife, this attention should never be dispensed with. I believe domestic happiness is much oftener interrupted, if not even destroyed, between a married couple by the neglect of good breeding than by the actual vices of either party.'

'But do you think that calling each other by their christian name, is too familiar?' said Ellen earnestly.

'Oh, no, no—I think it one of the pleasantest modes of expressing that perfect confidence which always accompanies true and mutual affection; he said a strong emphasis on mutual, and which to a third person should rather be felt to exist, than seen displayed. What I object to is rudeness, rather than familiarity; when a husband, for instance, calls his wife "old woman," for a wife pays less attention to her husband's request than she would to those of a stranger—why I wish they would study the rules of good manners, if they will not cultivate good principles. Nothing,' continued the schoolmaster, warmly, 'is more utterly disagreeable to me than these ill-manners in private life; no, not even the east winds in dyspepsia, or the tooth aches at Thanksgiving.'

'Both dreadful afflictions,' said Charles Howard. 'From which may we all be preserved,' said Ellen, moving the lamp nearer the schoolmaster, as a hint that she would prefer to hear what the manuscript he held so carefully contained rather than to have the conversation prolonged. As the schoolmaster slowly unfolded his papers, the title caught Ellen's eyes; 'The Witch!' she exclaimed, 'pray, my dear sir, are you going to give us a tale on witchcraft? That will be delightful.'

'I hope it will please you,' said the schoolmaster, 'but it is a sketch, an incident in the life of a humble woman, rather than a tale of romance. I cannot succeed in fiction. I must have a real basis for my superstructure.'

'You cannot build castles in the air, then,' said Charles. 'Never could finish one in my life,' returned the schoolmaster. 'It always would be down around my ears before I had made it fit for my residence. So I have been looking up old traditions, as Ellen insisted on something strange.'

'And good too, it will be, I am sure,' said Mrs. Marvin; 'if you have prepared it, the moral will be excellent.'

After this compliment, the schoolmaster could do no less than begin, which he did as follows:

### THE WITCH OF DANVERS.

'Mabel Burroughs was an inhabitant of Danvers, Massachusetts. It is not certain that she was a native of that town, neither is the year of her birth accurately known; but in 1719 she bore such evident marks of age, that she became distinguished by the appellation of "old maid."

'Such antiquated ladies were much more rare in the then British colonies of America than they are now in our "United States," a confirmation, if any were needed, of the estimation in which liberty is held as well by the women as the men of our Independent Republic. Surely no gentleman will be so unwise as to suggest that it is from necessity alone that a lady retains her freedom, after she is five and twenty. Certainly that could not, with truth, have been said of Mabel Burroughs. She had been a famous beauty; had had a number of admirers, and was at one time engaged to be married.'

'But Mabel's lover, as lovers have often done since the example of Phao proved a precedent. The disappointed fair one did not possess the genius or indulge the despair of the Lesbian maid—Mabel neither raved nor raved, nor made any attempt to drown herself. She acted a much more common, and in truth, more feminine part. She secluded herself from society; became sad and taciturn; grew thin and pale; and finally, as her beauty waned, she resigned herself uncomplainingly to neglect and calumny. No one could conduct more inoffensively, and but for one circumstance, her life would have passed without notice, and this biographical sketch never have appeared.'

'It is astonishing what trifling incidents often confer notoriety on an individual. A well spent peaceful life has no claims to such a distinction. Something singular must be said or suffered, or designed, or done. It matters little, whether this something be for good or for evil. He who burns a temple is long and well remembered as he who builds one. What then is the worth of fame? Nothing, when considered merely as the distinction of having one's name widely known and often repeated. Fame is only valuable and to be coveted, when it brings to the mind of the possessor, while living, the consciousness of good motives and actions; and when he is dead, exhibits a pattern worthy to be imitated.'

Here the schoolmaster looked around on his hearers with an expression that said, 'am I not right?' Every face responded in the affirmative—he proceeded. 'I said that Mabel Burroughs grew old, and she faded as every fair girl will fade. Beauty is only a rose, a rainbow, a meteor—gone while we are gazing and praising. The once fair young Mabel became sallow, wrinkled, grey and stooping—she was called ugly—dreadful ugly! by young maidens who did not possess half the loveliness she exhibited at eighteen. But add two score to eighteen, and what female can command attention by her personal beauty?'

'Woman must possess some more lasting charm than is imparted by a set of features or complexion, or her reign will be brief as April sunshine, or May flowers.'

'But there is another evil under the sun, to which woman are subjected. It is to have cultivated minds, and yet be confined to a society that does not understand, and cannot appreciate their merits, talents and intelligence. This not infrequently happens. And women have so little power of changing their residence, varying their pursuits, of extending their acquaintance, that she who has taste and talents ought to consider herself peculiarly fortunate if she is placed where her gifts do not subject her to en-

vy and ill treatment. Should she be so blessed as to enjoy a refined and congenial domestic circle, let her never breathe a wish for a wider theatre of display.'

'Had poor Mabel Burroughs possessed the wit and genius of Madame de Stael, or the talents and literature of Miss Edgeworth, it would have added nothing to her popularity in the place where she resided. There, nothing was at that time (I hope the people have improved) appreciated but good housewifery, a good visit, and a good talker; and unluckily Mabel did not like to talk, nor to visit, and as she lived alone and never received any company, no one knew much about her domestic management. But the less they knew the more they guessed; till finally as she grew older and more reserved, they first called her odd—then cross—then strange—and then a witch!'

'It is now matter of grave astonishment that any rational and christian being should ever have believed that people would sell themselves to the grand enemy of souls, merely on the condition of having power to wrong their neighbors, and ride through the air on a broomstick! Yet such was the firm faith of our ancestors, pious as they unquestionably were, and it seemed that, in those days, learning only made them more credulous. Cotton Mather is a melancholy proof that neither erudition nor piety, can free the human mind from prejudice and superstition.'

'In truth, nothing has so much contributed to enlighten the world as the strivings of men for personal and political liberty, which have been made during the last fifty years, and the study of experimental philosophy.'

'With experimental or inductive philosophy, however, the neighbors of old Mabel, as she was usually called, had nothing to do. Circumstances were all they required, after assuming that she was a witch, to prove their hypothesis. In the first place, she lived in a poor, old, lonely house and alone; then she kept a large black cat, which she had been frequently seen to caress; and, lastly, she had been several times heard, by those who ventured to approach her dwelling, or near the close of the day, talking, as they drew near her door, and yet when they entered, strange, to say no one but herself was visible. These were dark and mysterious proceedings, and the more dark and mysterious they became.'

'Not an individual thought of vindicating poor Mabel by suggesting that her old, lonely dwelling was the very house in which her parents had resided, where she was born, and which at their decease she inherited—that she was, of necessity, compelled to live alone, having no relation or friend on earth to reside with her—that the heart must have something to love, and she had no living object, but her cat, on which to lavish her affections—and, lastly, that she must talk to herself or run the risk of losing the use of her tongue, altogether, as nobody around her was willing to hold much converse with the suspected witch.'

'Probably these reasons never occurred to the good people of Danvers; if they did they were never mentioned. All seemed united in the opinion, that there were such strong circumstances against old Mabel Burroughs as warranted the accusation of unhalloved acts, constituting witchcraft (a very indefinite crime after all) against her.'

'It was fortunate for her, that the darkest period of delusion had passed. The bitter regret for the scenes which had been enacted under the influence of the Salem mania, checked the effervescence of zeal to accuse and punish, and the people practised the more humane method of accusing in order to reclaim.'

'The case of Mabel made a great bustle. Her supposed compact with the prince of darkness was regretted or condemned, sighed over or inveighed against, till it was finally the opinion of all, that something must be done. Either she must confess and abandon her wicked ways, or be dealt with and dismissed from the church, or which she was then a member.'

'Accordingly the clergyman, and two of the most pious and influential members of the church were chosen to visit Mabel at her dwelling, and then and there propound certain questions; and from her answers, it was concluded, the full proof of her guilt, which no one doubted, would be obtained.'

'It was near the close of a gloomy November day, that the formidable deputation took their way towards the dwelling of the supposed witch. She was totally ignorant of the honor intended her, as it had been judged expedient to take her by surprise, as the most likely method of eliciting truth from one whose study was to deceive.'

'Mabel's house did, indeed, stand in a wild lonely place, and to reach it you had to pass half a mile, or more, through a thick wood. The gentlemen had been delayed longer than they intended, settling preliminaries, and night was gathering as they entered the shaded path. The tall trees increased the gloom, and the wind which had all day been very high, seemed to gather furious strength, as it swept through the decaying forest, and scattered its leaves by thousands. It is not strange that those men should imagine the wind uncommonly furious, and that darkness came on with awful rapidity. They did think so; and when, emerging from

the wood, they came suddenly upon the house they sought, not one of the five but wished himself a good five miles off. But honor and conscience alike forbade their retreat. The abode of witchcraft was before them. A whole community were eagerly awaiting their report.'

'On, therefore, the deputation proceeded; the clergyman as in duty bound, some steps in advance. As he softly and silently drew near the door, he heard a sound within. He paused—then motioned the party to advance; they cautiously crept forward, and all distinctly heard the same noise. It was not like mortal conversation; it was a low, but continued and monotonous sound, such as no one of the party ever recollected to have heard before. They all trembled. At length, as it did not cease, and as there was no window on the side they stood, through which to reconnoitre, they were obliged to enter, in order to discover the cause of their alarm.'

'It was a trying moment. The clergyman laid his hand on the latch of the door, the boldest man stood near to support him. The door was thrown open, with the crash and velocity of a thunder-bolt, and the whole party stood before the astonished eyes of Mabel Burroughs!'

'She shew no terror, however, at this sudden apparition. Surprised she was; but not a cry of alarm or dismay escaped her. She only drew nearer to her heart that blessed Book from which she had been that moment reading that consoling promise of the Saviour—'

'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

'The clergyman was a pious, and naturally, a very sensible man. He did not wish to increase his influence over his people by encouraging their superstitious fears. The transactions of former years rushed at once on his mind; he recollected the disgraced scenes in which the Rev. Matthew Paris was such a distinguished actor, and his cheeks glowed with shame at the thought that he, too, was an abettor of persecution against the innocent. A sudden light seemed imparted to his mind, and he saw as once how a few unimportant circumstances, in the way of living adopted by this poor old woman, had been working up, by the credulous and wonder-loving into proofs of witchcraft against her. But being convinced himself of her innocence, he so well exerted his clear and strong mind, that before he left her house the whole party acknowledged they believed her not only guiltless of witchcraft, but they saw no reason to doubt that she was a very good Christian.'

'It was sometime, however, before the prejudice against her subsided; a prejudice that, but for the spirited exertions of one rational as well religious man, would have subjected her to ignominy, if not consigned her to penal inflictions. 'Such is the injurious effect which an ignorant credulity, when fostered by the love of scandal can produce on social happiness.'

'And the moral is, that women must not talk scandal, and men must not believe them, if they do,' said Ellen, laughing.

'Something to that purpose, I confess,' said the schoolmaster.

'An excellent moral, too,' said Mrs. Marvin, 'though I never can believe that my own sex are more guilty of slanders and scandal than the men.'

'Nor do I believe it, nor does any man of sense and observation,' said the schoolmaster. 'The political slanders in which men only engage, are a hundred fold more gross and wicked, and selfish than any which women ever are guilty of. Still it is not a matter of comparative merit, or demerit, between the sexes that we wish now to settle. I would have women be not only perfect herself, but example ought to be so perfect as to constrain man to follow it. I hold the poet's opinion of the ladies—'

'Heaven formed ye like angels, and sent ye below, To prophesy peace, to bid charity flow.'

'And above all, never should any circumstances be permitted to—'

'Not from your bosoms that tenderness issue, Which from female to female ever is due.'

### THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WYR.

As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of houses, the roof of a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest near from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with the preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaming with the influence of a palsy—and a few moments ascertained me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of prognostic swarms of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was the day of the administration of the sacrament—and his subject was

course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times—I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America was I to meet a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a more peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary to the crucifixion. I knew the whole history—but never till then, had heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new—and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrase had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortion of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation—and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—whom he drew to the life, his voice breathed to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies. 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do'—the voice of the preacher, which had all along filtered, grew fainter, and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obscured by the force of his feelings he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, burst into a loud irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was sometime before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But—no, the descent was as sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!'

I despair of giving you my idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the venerable preacher; his blindness constantly calling to your recollection old Homer, Osgood and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear slow, solemn, well-accented enunciations and his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm which reigned through the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth his palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence 'Socrates died like a philosopher'—then pausing, and raising his other, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremendous voice—'but Jesus Christ like a God!'

If he had been in need and in truth an angel of light, the effects could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue, has fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

If this description gives you the impression, that this incomparable minister had anything of a shallow theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment he is expressing. His mind is too serious, earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time, too dignified, too stoop to artifice.

Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a polite scholar, but a man of profound erudition! I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of your learning and able countryman, Sir, Robert Boyle; he spoke of him as if 'his noble mind had, even before death, divested itself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh,' and called him, in his peculiar emphatic and impressive manner, a 'pure intelligence; a link between men and angels.'

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hands, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I aban-

doned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature alone could justly copy. As I recall at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the forces with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotion produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of this Bard.

From the Pennsylvania.

### "DO NOT SPARE A MAN."

Farther JARATA, the leader of the guerillas in Mexico, whose deeds of assassination will, it is to be trusted, shortly be terminated and avenged by our troops, has adopted the abolition reference to the Americans, of "sparring with and killing all." He "takes no prisoners," and in this proves himself an apt pupil of the school of Santa Anna who murdered the wounded in the field of Angostura. The example of this worthy and considerate "padre," has not, it appears, been lost upon the Federal leaders and papers in this country in their attacks upon the officers of the army who "happen to be Democrats." They spare none, but attack and misrepresent all, from the first to the last. Even the memory of Gen. Butler's gallant bearing during the late war did not save him from calumny when he was appointed to an important command in the present. His daring charge in the storming of Monterey was every where denounced as "rashness and indiscretion," and the clamor ceased when the voice of the army was heard in vindication of their brave captain, then, as now, confined from the effects of his dangerous wounds. The chivalrous Quitman, of Mississippi, was denounced with equal bitterness, notwithstanding his noble bearing at Monterey, and his skill and good management on the long march upon Tampico. Hamer, of Ohio, the gallant, the accomplished, the lamented Hamer took his place at the head of his Brigade, amid a storm of federal obloquy. Other instances will be recollected by our readers, not omitting that of our intrepid townsman, Patterson. To this hour, the Federal press is ringing with charges upon Gen. Pillow, of Tennessee, even while every mail is bringing us intelligence of new deeds of valor performed by his command. One of the latest and most infamous articles, however, is upon Gen. Lane, of Indiana, whose "brow" is "entwined with fresh laurels gathered on the glorious field of Buena Vista." It is from the Louisville Journal, and has been elicited by the announcement of his re-appointment by the President to a brigade. That abandoned print says:

"Another most unfortunate appointment! In actual ignorance of military duties, and in a complete lack of all the requisites of a skillful commander, we are compelled to regard General Lane as about on par with Gen. Pillow. His want of military knowledge displayed at Buena Vista, was the cause of the loss of many brave men under his command, and came very near losing the victory. Gen. Lane has much, very much to answer for, and an outraged and injured public will yet compel him to answer for the calamities his incompetency occasioned the brave Indiana volunteers."

"Generals Taylor and Wool," says the Cincinnati Inquirer, "give entirely a different account of Gen. Lane's conduct and services upon the field at Buena Vista—but we suppose they know very little in the matter compared with the common slanderer of the Courier. It is probable that having no party purposes to serve in the preparation of official documents, they were fully as candid and impartial judges, as the man who, singly ensconced in his arm chair at home, endeavors to manufacture political capital by traducing the brave men who have been engaged in serving the country in the field."

And yet a party guilty of such conduct as this has the impudence to ask the votes of a people who love their country.

### ADVICE TO A YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER.

'Have a place for every thing and strive to have every thing in its place,' but in so doing do not allow yourself to get out of patience and become fretful. Fretfulness is a great sin. If things go wrong, as they sometimes will, try to set them right again, but do not fret. No good was ever gained by fretting; on the contrary it has destroyed the peace and comfort of many an otherwise happy family. Sudden bursts of anger have a less baneful effect; command your temper if you would command the respect of your household. Be careful in all things to consider the interest and happiness of your constituents, remember that while it is his province to provide, it is yours to keep from waste. While it is his duty to furnish a home for you, it is yours to make that home pleasant to him. Above all things do not follow the odious practice of consulting "Mrs. Pinckinton" in the kitchen and "Mrs. Spanglerfield" in the parlor. Nothing will enter more domestic unhappiness than this no husband, (however good) will tamely submit to seeing that expedient for ornaments which he feels that he has a right to demand for his own comfort. Consider the wants of your domestics and treat them as helps, not as slaves. A kind and judicious housewife will seldom fail of securing good and faithful assistants. Finally, in all your daily intercourse, whether at home or abroad, with friends or neighbors, remember and observe the golden rule.



Is Gen. Scott in the City of Mexico?—The extra of the N. O. National, upon which several days telegraph reports have been founded, was published on Saturday afternoon, July 31, not August 2, as reported. Its substance is that Gen. Scott entered the capital on the 17th ultimo, without any material opposition. A slight skirmish is said to have occurred at Pecos, eight miles from the city, where the civil authorities came out and surrendered, under stipulations that the persons and property of the citizens should be respected. This news is said to have been brought to Vera Cruz by a Mexican courier, by the way of Orizaba and Alvarado, and to have reached New Orleans via the steamer Massachusetts, on Thursday, two days before the National published it! The extra further states that a letter had been received from Mexico, dated on the 17th, the contents of which it does not mention, but that one has also been received of the 15th, in which it is stated that families were preparing to quit the city, on account of the approach of our army.

The Picayune of August 1st says all this intelligence was in its possession on Friday evening before the National published it, but not believing the story the Picayune was silent. If Gen. Scott had entered the city in triumph, it must have been known, argues the Picayune, in Tampico and Vera Cruz. Still the channel through which the news reached New Orleans is known and confided in by people well informed. But further: if a Spanish gentleman arrived in New Orleans on the Massachusetts, the same vessel that brought the extra's news from Vera Cruz, and says he saw Gen. Scott in Puebla on the 14th, there is an end to the story—and the Picayune learns that such a Spanish gentleman did arrive.

The N. O. Bulletin of the 2d neither endorses nor denies the extra news. The Times of the 2d says there "was a vague report at the Brazos, when the Washington left, that a Mexican express had reached Matamoros, bearing the intelligence that Gen. Scott had entered the city of Mexico." The Washington is the steamer whose vague report the telegraph reports for positive fact. The telegraph in a "third dispatch" to Philadelphia papers, also reports that "Private letters received at Richmond, by way of New Orleans, give additional confirmation of the report that Gen. Scott had entered the city of Mexico. The information comes from a Mexican prisoner, whose family had informed him of the fact by letter."

A letter from Vera Cruz of July 22d, published in the Spanish paper La Patria, of New Orleans, says:

"Recent letters from Puebla state that Gen. Scott began to move from that city on the 15th, leaving the two fortified points with small garrisons. To-day it is reported that his vanguard has reached Ayotlán, which is only eight leagues from the capital."

While thus endeavoring to do justice to the subject, we are compelled to iterate the inquiry, Is Gen. Scott in the city of Mexico? [Boston Post.

LATEST FROM TAMPICO. By the arrival at New Orleans of the schooner Mary Jane, we have advices from Tampico to the 26th ult., but no confirmation of the reported occupation of the capital.

Gen. Taylor remained at Walnut Springs, as late as the 17th of July. His whole command numbered seven thousand men.

A rumor prevailed at Monterey as early as the 13th of July, that Gen. Scott had defeated a large body of the Mexicans near the capital. This is supposed to be the origin of the rumor at Matamoros, a few days later.

It was stated that Gen. Cushing had gone to Saltillo, to resume the command of his regiment. The Steamer Fashion, with later news, was due and hourly expected, at New Orleans. Her arrival will probably resolve all doubts.

The Washington Union does not credit the report of Gen. Scott's having reached Mexico, and entirely repudiates the Zanesville, Ohio letter, and its postscript "Rio Frio, July 15."

LATEST FROM SALTILLO AND MONTEREY. It was our pleasure yesterday to converse with Lieut. Niles, of the late 2d regiment of Illinois volunteers. After the disbanding of the regiment, Lieut. N. took command of a company of Texan rangers, whose term of service has just expired, which, for the present, relieves him from further military duty. He left the camp of Gen. Taylor, at Walnut Springs, near Monterey, on the 17th ult., and brings the latest advices from that point.

The health of all the troops is good at Saltillo, Monterey, Cerralvo, Mier and Matamoros. This remark applies to those recently arrived as well as to more acclimated. Gen. Taylor's whole command at the present time is about 7000 men—not more. Of these, Gen. Wool has with him at Buena Vista, 2000, or thereabouts; there are immediately under Gen. Taylor, at Monterey, 800; and at Mier, Cerralvo and Matamoros, there are about 3300. "This statement may be relied on. Gen. Wool is impatient for the word—march! forward to San Luis! So is Gen. Taylor; but before he gives that word, he demands that a force of 10,000 men, all equal to active service, be placed under his command—say 8000 men to advance with him, and 2000 men to man his garrisons.

The road from Camargo to Monterey is now perfectly clear, as indeed is the whole country this side the mountains of any organized or guerrilla forces. Canals and Urea are nowhere—at least it is not known where they are. There is a train of one hundred and twenty wagons constantly employed transporting army stores from Camargo to Monterey, where a large depot of provisions is forming, in anticipation of the long looked for advance movement. They make the trip weekly, and are guarded by a command of 150 men. It was in the rear train, in one of its recent journeys, that the pack mules were, in which was the property of

Jarniser, Kingsbury and others. The train was not attacked, as stated; but a vigilant watch not being kept in the rear, the mules, with their valuable burdens, were spirited away—not by any regular guerrillas, but by prowling robbers who rob Mexicans and Americans with equal indifference. The only line of discrimination which they draw is, that they murder the American as well as rob him—while they are satisfied to let the Mexican pass, if he yields up his purse.

The "Old Man" (Gen. Taylor) keeps along in the same easy, jog-trot fashion, so to speak. As soon as he thinks he says, of turning his back on, and running from the enemy, as permit himself to be run for the presidency by any party. So let selfish politicians, bankrupt in principle, "take heed." [N. O. Delta.

FROM CALIFORNIA. ARREST OF COL. FREMONT. Messrs. Shaw and Bolden arrived at St. Louis on the 5th inst., direct from Oregon. They left Frontier settlement on the 3d of May. Samuel Brannon was met at Fort Hall, and from him information to the 23d of May, from California, was obtained.

Colonel Fremont had been arrested by Governor Kearney, for disobedience of orders, and ordered home for trial. Commodore Stockton is on his way home. The American fleet was still engaged in the blockade of Mazatlan, Acapulco, and other towns in Lower California, and our troops had been ordered in the same direction. Governor Kearney would leave California, and reach home in September next.

The emigrants to California and Oregon were marking rapid progress. The party met Davidson's company at Big Sandy, and two others at Green River. The Mormons were met at the forks of Platte, with a large train of wagons, on their way to California, and the twelve apostles were met at Fort Bridges. The Mormons would proceed only to Salt Lake this season. Messrs. Shaw and Bolden add to the horrors of the previous accounts received relating to the suffering emigration parties which failed to reach California last winter. Seventy-five have perished by freezing or starvation. The families of Reed and Donner reached the Sutters settlement in safety, after enduring incredible sufferings.

Commodore Drake, of the British ship Modeste, is on his way to the States. As his party is small, it will probably be attacked by the Pawnees.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN EUROPE.—The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writes:—

The government have been indefatigable in well arming and drilling the artificers in all the dockyards throughout the kingdom, and the men are now said to be in an efficient state of discipline. By this plan an addition of 10,000 men has been made to the army, without any further expense than that incurred by the furnishing of arms, accoutrements, and munitions of war.

When you bear in mind how this country has been recently fortified, how zealously these fortifications have been pushed forward, how and rapidly they are at this moment in actual augmentation, you may perhaps not be accused if you anticipate that all this is to meet some possible emergency, and what can all this tend to but the wary disposition of England to be prepared for the worst, arising out of the policy, or the demise, of Louis Philippe.

The navy has been considerably strengthened; the best known naval commanders have been sent abroad; the old veterans—retired pensioners—have been mustered, drilled, and made efficient, and all betokens the din of preparation—for what? Let us look at another country.

France is on the eve of great events. Camps of 25,000 men are forming at Compiegne and Lunerville, and an army of observation, to consist of 14,000 troops, is to collect near the Pyrenees. Marshal Bugeaud is on his return from Algeria, to assume, it is said, the command of the forces. The question is—will there be a coup d'etat in France, or a disposition in Spain? Is liberty to be stricken down in Paris, or Queen Isabella dethroned at Madrid? Or will both events transpire? These are questions not so foolish as they appear at the first glance. The "artful dodger" at the Tuilleries has some deep motives to play, and play it out he will. At present he is annoyed, or seems to be annoyed, at the late reform banquet at the Chateau-Rouge, at which, eighty-five deputies attended, but the King's health was not proposed. "The three glorious days" were toasted, with enthusiasm—the Marseillaise was sung in full chorus by the 1500 persons who were present—the refrain was taken up by 5000 or 6000 people who could not get in, and who were surrounding the Chateau—but Louis Philippe—the man of the people—the monarch of the barricades—the King of the French—was unnoticed and unheeded.

BRITISH POSTAGE ON AMERICAN LETTERS.—The Union has the following in reference to the British post office regulations which bear so oppressively upon our mail steamers:—

"We understand that, upon the arrival of the Washington at Southampton, it was unexpectedly found that the letters landed for transmission within the British islands were to be charged with the foreign postage, in addition to the inland, in the same manner as if the letters had been conveyed across the water in the Channel line, or otherwise, under contract with the British post office. Major Hobbie, immediately upon ascertaining this fact, proceeded to London, to remonstrate against this exaction. In conjunction with Mr. Bancroft, he is still in negotiation with the British government upon that subject—a negotiation which can terminate, we are persuaded, but in one way.

The United States entered into a contract with the British post office, in 1840, to transport for them, in bulk, their mail arriving at Boston, across our territory, to St. John, in Canada, and back—an arrangement we suppose very im-

portant to them, as the line so far surpasses, in commercial value and importance, the line up the St. Lawrence. We stipulated for eighteen cents and a fraction the ounce, (the distance being supposed to be upwards of 800 miles) being considerably less than our established rates of postage; and stipulated further, if these rates should be reduced by law, to make a corresponding reduction in the rate of charge on the British mails. This reduction has been made, and we charge but ten cents per ounce, with twenty-five per cent, for the fractions of weight in letters. Of course the charge of six cents on other foreign letters landed in our ports is not made on any of these.

Upon the report of Major Hobbie giving notice of the demand above mentioned, the postmaster general instructed him to give notice to the postmaster general of Great Britain of the abrogation of this contract at the expiration of ninety days, agreeing to a clause reserved therein. This we suspect, is all that has yet been done on our part. Yesterday another report was received from Major Hobbie, but it has been sent to the postmaster general without the seal being broken; and to-day, we understand, a dispatch addressed by Mr. Bancroft to the secretary of state has been sent to the general post office by the department, which conveys nothing definite upon that subject, and merely shows that negotiation is only still being strenuously urged upon the British government, and upon the footing of the most liberal reciprocity."

From the Argus.

The Whig party. Where did it come from? What does it want? What will it do? Does it know itself? Does any body know? Can any body guess? We will see.

The history of the whig party is known to the youngest politician of the present generation. Its genealogy makes, as yet, but a short chapter. It is the son of the National Republican party, who was the son of the Federal party, who was the son of Alexander Hamilton, who was politically begotten, soon after the close of the Revolution, by the political institutions of "THE MOTHER COUNTRY." The present whig party is, therefore, in the male line, the great grandson of Alexander Hamilton. But the breed has been crossed on the female side by an internal improvement—high tariff—Bank monster, which brought into the original high-minded family of federalism, hosts of mean, creeping, time serving, mammon-loving, and office-seeking adventurers; who caused the abortion of 1840. We have told you where it came from.

What does it want? It wants to elect Daniel Webster, HENRY CLAY, Tom Corwin, and last though not least, GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR, to the Presidency of 1848. It wants to elect DANIEL WEBSTER on account of his old federalism—HENRY CLAY on account of old Republicanism—Tom Corwin because he lives in a free state, and would cabbage some abolition votes—and because he is opposed, tooth and nail, to the war with Mexico, and voted against supplies of men and money to commence and carry it on—because he is an out and out, so far as this war is concerned, peace man, a thorough "NON-RESISTANT," and because he is a party man, and will make a party President. And they want to elect GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR because he is "ROUGH AND READY," or Ready and Rough in his fighting and carrying on this same war—because he is not a peace man—because he is supposed to be opposed to a United States Bank, and the tariff of 1846, and in favor of the present revenue tariff of 1842—and more especially because he is a new man—a man of blood—because he has shown more zeal in killing Mexicans than any other man in the nation, from first to last—and because he is a Southern man, and owns slaves, and will not lose Southern votes, and is in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war against Mexico—and of holding on to so much of the conquered territory in California and Santa Fe, as will compensate for the expenses of the war, whenever a treaty of peace shall be made. It is obviously true that the whole whig party are not in favor of each of the men named above, for the Presidency, but that the claims of each is supported by sections of the whig party, and for the reasons stated, will not, we presume, be questioned by any honest and well informed politician, of any party. We have told you what the whig party wants.

What will it do, &c? We cannot tell, except that it will be so far true to the political principles of its great grandfather, Alexander Hamilton as to oppose every truly Democratic principle, measure, and administration, from this time till the day of its death, as its fathers did, and as it has itself done from the day of its birth. That it cannot unite upon either of these men for the Presidency, or any other man, or elect either of them, or any body else, is absolutely certain. No doubt a large majority of its members of the next Congress will continue to practice the ridiculous and gross absurdity of denouncing the beginning, continuance, and objects of the Mexican war as awfully wicked and unjust, and of voting supplies to carry on and promote "this same awful wickedness, this monstrous and unheard of piece of injustice against a weak sister republic!" 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